THE

Gentleman's Journal:

OR THE

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

By Way of

LETTER

TO A

Gentleman in the COUNTRY.

Consisting of

News, History, Philosophy, Poetry, Musick, Translations, &c.

JUNE 1692.

Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter. Hor.

Nolite sinere per vos artem Musicam
Recidere ad paucos. Terent.

Licensed, *June* 17th, 1692. *R. Midgley.*

LONDON Printed, For *Rich. Parker*; And are to be Sold by *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-lane.* 1692.

Where are also to be had Journals for *January, February, March, April,* and *May.*

THE CONTENTS.

Introduction Pag. 1
A Poem on our Victory at Sea, by Mr. Dennis ib.
A Love Story in Latin 5
The same in English 6
The Story of Orpheus *Burlesqu'd* 8
Something in Vindication of Jocular Writing 10
Horace's *Ode apply'd to our Victory at Sea, by Mr.* Jo. Mitchel 11
Of Love-Verses 12
Verses to a Gentleman who was Censur'd for having married very young 13
An Epigram on a Lady's Picture newly drawn ib.
Words for a Song by Mr. Prior ib.
Horace's 15th Epode *imitated by a Gentleman* 14
The same by a young Lady 15
Catullus's 5th *Epigram* 16
Of New Books, &c. 17
Of Regulus 18
Of the Maculæ, *or Spots in the Sun and Comets* ib.
On the Effect of the last Poll-Bill on some Persons 19
The two Friends, a Novel 20
Explication of the last Months Enigma's 21
An Enigma *by* Osiris 22
Verses to my Lord Dorset *by Mr.* H. Denne ib.
Part of a Letter on a new Book, call'd, Letters and Poems, Amorous and Gallant. 24
News and Reflections on the French Gazette, *&c.* 25
Verses on my Lord Danby's *brave Action at* la Hogue, *by Mr.* B. Hawkshaw 26
A Song, the Words by Col. Heveningham, *set by Mr.* Henry Purcell 27
A Song, set by Mr. S. Akeroyde, *the Words by the Author* 30
A Song by S. B. *set by Mr.* J. Franck 33

6 44 4
161
BRITISH MUSEUM

THE GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: OR, THE *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

SIR,

WE have beaten the *French* at Sea, burnt their beſt Ships upon their own Coaſt, in the ſight of the very Army which intended to viſit us here: And not only utterly diſabled our Enemies from Invading us, but made way for our Deſcent into their Country. I am ſenſible that you expect ſomething extraordinary from the Muſes upon ſo great and proſperous an Event, and I eſteem my ſelf very happy, ſince I have here a Poem, which I hope will give you as great an Idea of that glorious Action, as it is in the power of Verſe to imprint on the Mind. With much difficulty I have prevail'd with the Ingenious Gentleman who wrote it, to let you know to whom the World is oblig'd for ſo admirable a Piece. His Name is Mr. *John Dennis*: And 'tis to him you owe that beautiful Tranſlation of the Ode to *Licinius* in my laſt.

Upon our Victory at Sea.

I Sing the Naval Fight, whoſe Triumph, Fame
More loudly than our Cannon, ſhall proclaim.
Which with Heroic Force burſt Europe's *Chain,*
And made fair BRITAIN *Empreſs of the Main.*
O BRITAIN's *mighty* Genius *who wer't by,*
Who with new Warmth didſt thy brave Sons ſupply,
And drive the Gallic Dæmon *trembling thro' the Sky!*
My Breaſt with that immortal Fury fire,
Which did thy Godlike Combatants inſpire.

THE CONTENTS.

Introduction Pag. 1
A Poem on our Victory at Sea, by Mr. Dennis ib.
A Love Story in Latin 5
The same in English 6
The Story of Orpheus *Burlesqu'd* 8
Something in Vindication of Jocular Writing 10
Horace's *Ode apply'd to our Victory at Sea, by Mr.* Jo. Mitchel 11
Of Love-Verses 12
Verses to a Gentleman who was Censur'd for having married very young 13
An Epigram on a Lady's Picture newly drawn ib.
Words for a Song by Mr. Prior ib.
Horace's 15th Epode *imitated by a Gentleman* 14
The same by a young Lady 15
Catullus's 5th *Epigram* 16
Of New Books, &c. 17
Of Regulus 18
Of the Maculæ, *or Spots in the Sun and Comets* ib.
On the Effect of the last Poll-Bill on some Persons 19
The two Friends, a Novel 20
Explication of the last Months Enigma's 21
An Enigma *by* Osiris 22
Verses to my Lord Dorset *by Mr.* H. Denne ib.
Part of a Letter on a new Book, call'd, Letters and Poems, Amorous and Gallant. 24
News and Reflections on the French Gazette, *&c.* 25
Verses on my Lord Danby's *brave Action at* la Hogue, *by Mr.* B. Hawkshaw 26
A Song, the Words by Col. Heveningham, *set by Mr.* Henry Purcell 27
A Song, set by Mr. S. Akeroyde, *the Words by the Author* 30
A Song by S. B. *set by Mr.* J. Franck 33

6 44 4
16

THE GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: OR, THE *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

SIR,

WE have beaten the *French* at Sea, burnt their beſt Ships upon their own Coaſt, in the ſight of the very Army which intended to viſit us here: And not only utterly diſabled our Enemies from Invading us, but made way for our Deſcent into their Country. I am ſenſible that you expect ſomething extraordinary from the Muſes upon ſo great and proſperous an Event, and I eſteem my ſelf very happy, ſince I have here a Poem, which I hope will give you as great an Idea of that glorious Action, as it is in the power of Verſe to imprint on the Mind. With much difficulty I have prevail'd with the Ingenious Gentleman who wrote it, to let you know to whom the World is oblig'd for ſo admirable a Piece. His Name is Mr. *John Dennis*: And 'tis to him you owe that beautiful Tranſlation of the Ode to *Licinius* in my laſt.

Upon our Victory at Sea.

I Sing the Naval Fight, whoſe Triumph, Fame
More loudly than our Cannon, ſhall proclaim.
Which with Heroic Force burſt Europe's *Chain,*
And made fair BRITAIN *Empreſs of the Main.*
O BRITAIN's *mighty* Genius *who wer't by,*
Who with new Warmth didſt thy brave Sons ſupply,
And drive the Gallic Dæmon *trembling thro' the Sky!*
My Breaſt with that immortal Fury fire,
Which did thy Godlike Combatants inſpire.

Bold as their Fight, and happy be my Song,
As fierce, as great, as ſounding, and as ſtrong.
Then might my Verſe be heard on ev'ry Shoar,
And in its ſound Expreſs the thund'ring Cannons roar.

Now whilſt their Line th' impatient ENGLISH *form,*
On comes proud Tourville, *ratling like a Storm*
Sent by ſome Devil, to diſſolve (in vain).
The two vaſt Empires of the Land and Main.
Whoſe tranſitory Rage the Globe annoys,
And to diſturb Mankind, itſelf deſtroys.
With deafning Shouts the ENGLISH *rend the Skies,*
Whilſt Victory hov'ring o're their Pendants flies.
The Luſt of Empire, and the Luſt of Praiſe,
Do's vulgar Men to God-like Courage raiſe:
All bravely bent the laſt Extreams to try,
And Conquer, or magnanimouſly Dye.

Now the Fleets join, and with their horrid Shocks
Make England's *Shores reſound, and* Gallia's *rocks,*
Ship againſt Ship with dire Encounter knocks.
The more Reſiſtance the brave ENGLISH *meet,*
They their Broadſides more furiouſly repeat.
As th'Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,
New ſtrength and vigor from its Wounds receives;
Their Rage, by loſs of Blood, is kindled more,
And with their Guns, like Harricanes they roar;
Like Hurricanes the knotted Oak they tear,
Scourge the vext Ocean, and torment the Air.
Whilſt Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confuſion hurl'd,
With univerſal Wreck, and Chaos *threat the World.*

Such

Such would the Noiſe be, ſhould this mighty All
Cruſh'd and confounded into Atoms fall.
Bullets amain, unſeen by mortal Eye,
Fly in whole Legions thro' the darkned Sky,
And kill and wound, like Parthians, *as they fly.*

Here a Granado falls, and blazing burns,
Whilſt pale as Death, th' amaz'd Spectator turns.
And now it burſts, and with a mortal Sound
Deals horrible Deſtruction all around.

There a red Bullet from our Cannon blown,
Into a Firſt-Rate's Powder-Room is thrown.
Toſt by a Whirlwind of tempeſtuous Fire,
A thouſand Wretches in the Air expire,
Howling, an impious Colony they go
At once tranſported to the World below.
There a Chain'd-Shot with whirling Rage deprives
More than one Ship of Entrails, Limbs and Lives.
Death who ſet out with it, do's lagging, ſtay,
Or limps behind it panting in its way.

And now from the BRITANNIA, *in a Crowd,*
Huge Bolts with Fury rend their nitrous Cloud,
Not mighty Jove's *could paſs more fierce or loud,*
When brandiſh'd by the God, in duſt they laid
Thoſe Sons of Earth who durſt his Heav'n invade.
Enceladus *or* Oſſa Pelion *caſts,*
When lo! all Three th' avenging Thunder blaſts.
And the BRITANNIA, *like Deſtruction, hurl'd*
On the Invaders of its floating World.

By her they with their moving Mountains fell,
Like vaſt Typhœus *flaming ſent to Hell.*

Great RUSSELL *do's their Admirals aſſail*
With Thunder, Lightning, and with Iron Hail.
That deſperate Sight t' have ſeen, one would have ſworn
Vulcanian *Iſlands from their Seats were torn;*
That Strombolo *afloat did thund'ring ruſh,*
And the inferiour Iſles———
With inextinguiſhable Fury cruſh.

O would that Fury animate my Verſe,
That God-like Rage which is both wiſe and fierce,
That Rage which in the Fight inſpir'd thy Breaſt!
Then might thy Praiſe be glorioufly expreſt,
Thy Noble Acts in equal Numbers ſhown,
Which thou mightſt then, Triumphant RUSSELL, *own!*
But who could e're command celeſtial Fire?
The God do's whom and when he liſts inſpire:
Now down he ruſhes, and my Breaſt he ſhakes,
And now to Heav'n his towring Flight he takes.
Then e're he leaves me, and my Blood grows cold,
The Battels vaſt Event in haſte be told.——

The French, *at laſt, of treacherous Aid deceiv'd,*
By loudeſt Storms would gladly be reliev'd.
Their Ships which in magnificent Array
But juſt before did their proud Flags diſplay,
And ſeem'd with War and Deſtiny to play;
Now, from our Rage, diſpoil'd of Rigging, Tow,
Or Burn, or up into the Air they blow.

Thus

Thus a large Row of Oaks do's long remain
The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain.
With their aſpiring Heads they reach the Sky,
Their huge extended Arms the Winds deſy,
TheTempeſt ſees their Strength and Sighs, and paſſes by.
When Jove, *concern'd that they ſo high aſpire,*
Amongſt them ſends his own revenging Fire,
Which do's with diſmal Havock on them fall,
Burns ſome, and tears up ſome, but rends them all:
From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torn,
And from their Heads their ſcatter'd Glories born;
Upon the Heath they blaſted ſtand and bare,
And thoſe whom once they ſhelter'd, now they ſcare.

Let us take Breath a little after this hot Service, and make the ſofter Engagements of Love ſucceed to the rougher Buſineſs of the War. I have here the Relation of an amorous Intrigue, which, if I am not miſtaken, will give you ſome Pleaſure. It is written by one of the greateſt Wits of our Age. The Style of the Story is not the leaſt Beauty of it, and if I ſay that it might, upon occaſion, paſs for a piece of *Petronian* Latin, I believe you will not think that I wrong *Petronius* much. I have endeavor'd to make it ſpeak *Engliſh* as well as I could, merely for the ſake of the beautiful Sex; and, as you will perceive it, I have not been very exact in giving word for word.

Habitat hîc in proximo, mulier adoleſcens, elegans ſanè, modeſto ſimul ac venuſto vultu: huic ſermo blandus, nec abſurdum ingenium. Erat vir nobilis, in Aula diu verſatus, naturâ & aſſuetudine factus alliciendis fœminarum animis, id eſt peritus obſequi, aſſentari, facetus, dicax, & (quod unum haud ſcio an potiſſimum expertus ſum) nugator non ineptus. Hanc ut fortè vidit commotus eſt; ut loquentem audiit, flagravit & incenſus eſt totus: Nec diu cunctatus, qua prima data eſt occaſio, eam conveniendi domi & privatim, arripuit; & ut eſt inverecundus, audax & benè ac gnaviter impudens, vulnus ſuum, crudum adhuc & tumeſcens, aperit & recludit. Simul multo cum gemitu, crebris cum lacrymis, remedium expoſcit; Tum illa,

illa, hactenus ſpectatæ probitatis, his vocibus violari & pollici aures ſuas conqueritur, neque ſe ultra paſſuram; identidem illud Virgilianum, *Anglicanis ſcilicet verbis, ſubjungens:*

Sed mihi vel tellus, optem, prius ima dehiſcat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallenteis umbras Erebi, Noctemque profundam;
Antè pudor quàm te violem, aut tua jura reſolvam.

Pergit tamen pervicax amator, & muliebrium artium non rudis. Quid moror? Labaſcit illa, vincitur, conditiones accipit: negat ſe tam fero & inhumano ingenio natam eſſe; ut quid Amor ſit, neſciat. Denique ſe miſericordem fore ſpondet, ſi fidem ejus intellexerit. Tum ille ad pedes advolvi, dextram oſculari, uberrimo fletu irrigare ora, obſequium, ſeu potius addictum ſervitium ſpondere, vovere, & quando ſe inter cultores admiſerit, religioſiſſimum futurum, quoad vita ſuppetet, Deos, Deaſque adjurat; Addit ſubinde vereri ſe, ut ſatis ſit adverſus rumores malevolorum invidorumque valida: Non defuturos obtrectatores qui malignè interpretentur, poſtquam increbuerit ventitare ſe ad illam frequentius: proinde occurreret huic malo, ſpes amantis ne traheret ac differet; ſtatimque concederet, quæ poſt longas & odioſas moras conceſſura eſſet aliquando. Sic imponi poſſe famæ, & hoc uno modo vitari ſuſpitiones. Nam & multò antè expleturos vota ſua & amoris fructum precepturos, quàm is in aures hominum venerit. Atque adeò ſi nocentem innocentemque idem exitus maneat, prudentioris fœminæ eſſe meritò malè audire. Arriſit illa, & leviter increpitâ petulantiâ juvenis, abnuendo annuens, laſciva primùm oſcula, papillarum oppreſſiunculas, præluntias libidinis blanditias, poſtremò gaudium ipſum, ſummamque voluptatem, malè repugnans, ſibi extorqueri paſſa eſt. Ita fortunatiſſimus & venuſtiſſimus amator, quemadmodum Cæſar *aliquando venerat, viderat, vicerat; vidit, venit, luſit.*

NOT far from us dwells a Lady, whoſe Youth and Beauty, whoſe admirable Shapes, and whoſe Looks at once, as modeſt as inviting, have made her the Love of our Sex, and the Envy of her own; nor is her Converſation leſs charming than her Beauty. This lovely Creature was ſeen by a Man of Quality, who had paſt moſt of his time at Court, one fitted by Nature and Education to charm and ruin the Fair; who, with the utmoſt Addreſs, knows how to comply, flatter, rally, and who can trifle with ſo much Wit, as to make the moſt Moroſe out of love with Gravity. He no ſooner ſaw her, but he took fire: But when he heard her ſpeak, he was immediately all in a flame. Impatient of delay, he ſnatch'd the very

very firſt opportunity of ſeeing her at her Houſe,and privately ; and, as Baſhfulneſs is not his predominant humour, for he is ſo far from wanting Aſſurance, that he is highly and moſt agreeably impudent, he lays open his Wound to her, whilſt yet it was green and bleeding. And at the ſame time, with repeated Sighs,and a whole Flood of Tears, begs her to undertake its Cure. But ſhe, who had ſhewn hitherto an exemplary Conduct, complain'd that ſhe was affronted by ſuch Diſcourſe, and that ſhe would bear it no longer, repeating in *Engliſh* the ſubſtance of what *Virgil* makes *Dido* ſpeak upon a like occaſion.

No, let the Earth firſt gape, and ſwallow me
Down to its very Centre, let me be
By Jove's *avenging Thunder ſtruck to Hell,*
Hell's gloomy Deeps, where ghaſtly Spirits dwell,
Ere I againſt chaſte Rules, or Honour's Laws rebel.

But our Lover was too well skill'd in Women, to give over his importunate Suit. To make ſhort,ſhe grows faint in her reſiſtance, ſhe is on the point of being won, ſhe capitulates. The Gods have not given her ſo barbarous a Soul (*ſhe ſaith*) as to be inſenſible of the force of Love: But if upon tryal ſhe finds him ſincere, he may find her compaſſionate. With this he throws himſelf at her Feet, devours her Hands with Kiſſes, and, all diſſolv'd in Tears, ſwears with Ten thouſand Oaths (if ſhe will admit him as ſuch) to be eternally her Servant, her Slave, her Votary; and that whilſt he hath Life, his Love ſhall be his Religion. He adds, that he fears that with all her Prudence, ſhe may not be Proof againſt Scandal; That Cenſurers would not be wanting, who would maliciouſly interpret his frequent Viſits; That ſhe ought to prevent ſo unavoidable a Miſchief, and not let him languiſh in expectation, but grant him immediately what after murthering delays ſhe would be ſure to grant him one day. That thus they might be too cunning for Suſpition, and put a Cheat upon Fame; and that before the World knew of the growth of their Love, they might gather the delicious Fruit of it: For, ſince the ſame Fate attends both the Guilty and Innocent, it is ſurely becoming of a prudent Lady to compenſate the Scandal with the Pleaſure. She ſmil'd, and with a gentle Reprimand encouraging the wanton Youth,ſeem'd to grant,by her very denial. With all the Fury of a Lover, wild to enjoy, he kiſt her; preſt her ſnowy Breaſt, that ſwell'd, as it were, to meet his Careſſes. Then proceeded to thoſe bolder Liberties, the Forerunners of that

Joy

Joy which neither ought to be, nor can be expreſt; whilſt ſhe, like a treacherous Governor, to ſave the Appearances, faintly defended that Fortreſs which ſhe had reſolv'd to betray. Thus the moſt fortunate Lover, the Darling of Love's Goddeſs, and his own, as *Cæſar* formerly came, ſaw, and conquer'd; ſaw, came, and poſſeſt.

I Need not tell you that this is a very true Story, there are but too many of both Sexes that may eaſily make the Application of it if they pleaſe. As for that which follows, *Virgil* and *Ovid*, having told it ſomething another way, you muſt take it upon the word of my Friend. It cannot fail of pleaſing you in this Dreſs.

The Story of ORPHEUS *Burleſqu'd.*

ORpheus *a One-ey'd limping* Thracian,
Top-Crowder of the barbarous Nation,
Was Ballad-Singer by Vocation.
Who up and down the Country Strowling,
And with his Strains the Mob Cajoling,
Charm'd them as much as each Man knows
Our Modern Farces do our Beaux.
To hear whoſe Voice they left their Houſes,
Their Food, their Handicrafts, and Spouſes.
Whilſt by the Mercury *of his Song,*
He threw the ſtaring gaping throng
A thing deſerving Admiration
Into a copious Salivation.
From hence came all thoſe monſtrous Stories,
That to his lays wild Beaſts danc'd Borees,
That after him, where ere he rambled,
The Lyon ramp'd, and the Bear gambol'd,
And Rocks and Caves (their Houſes) ambled.
For ſure the Monſter Mob includes
All Beaſts, Stones, Stocks in Solitudes.
He had a Spouſe yclep'd Euridice,
As tight a Laſs as ere your-eye-did-ſee.
Who being careſt one day by Morpheus,
In abſence of her Husband Orpheus,
As in the Gods embrace ſhe lay
Dy'd, not by Metaphor they ſay,
But the ungrateful literal way.

For

For, as a Modern's pleas'd to ſay by't *,
From Sleep to Death there's but a way bit.

Orpheus, *at firſt t' appearance grieving,*
For one h' had oft wiſh't damn'd whil'ſt living,
That he might play her her Farewel,
Reſolv'd to take a turn to Hell;
(For Spouſe, he gueſs'd, was gone to the Devil)
There was a Husband damnably civil!
Playing a merry ſtrain that day
Upon th' infernal King's High-way,
He caper'd on, as who ſhould ſay,
Since Spouſe has paſs'd the Stygian *Ferry,*
Since Spouſe is damn'd, I will be merry.
And Wights who travel that way daily,
Jog on by his Example gayly.
Thus ſcraping, he to Hell advanc'd.
When he came there, the Devil danc'd.
All Hell was with the Frolick taken,
And with a huge Huzza was ſhaken;
All Hell broke looſe, and they who were
One moment paſt plung'd in Deſpair,
Sung, Hang Sorrow, Caſt away Care.
But Pluto, *with a ſpightful Prank,*
Ungrateful Dev'l! did Orpheus *thank.*
Orpheus, *ſaid he, I like thy Strain*
So well, that here's thy Wife again.
But on theſe terms receive the Bleſſing,
'Till thou'rt on Earth forbear poſſeſſing.
He who has play'd like thee in Hell,
Might e'en do tother thing as well;
And ſhades of our eternal Night
Were not deſign'd for ſuch Delight.
Therefore if ſuch in Hell thou uſeſt,
Thy Spouſe immediately thou loſeſt.
Quoth Orpheus, *I am maul'd I ſee,*
You and your Gift be damn'd, thought he:
And ſhall be if my skill don't fail me,
And if the Devil do's not ail me.

---

* Toſto s'opprime che d' ſonno é carco
Che dal ſonno a la morte é un picciol varco. *Taſſo.*

Now Orpheus *ſaw* Importance *free,*
By which once more a Slave was he.
The Damn'd chang'd preſently their Notes,
And ſtretch'd with hideous Howl their Throats;
And two and two together link'd,
Their Chains with horrid Muſic clink'd,
And in the Conſort Yell and Fetlock
Expreſs'd the harmony of Wedlock.

He by Command then lugg'd his Dowdey
To Acheron *with many a How-d'-ye.*
But as the Boat was tow'rds them ſteering,
The Rogue with wicked Ogle leering,
Darted at her fiery Glances,
Which kindled in her furious Fancies.
Her Heart did thick as any Drum beat,
Alarming Amazon *to combat.*
He ſoon perceives it, and too wiſe is
Not to lay hold on ſuch a Criſis.
His Moyety on the Bank he threw,
Whilſt thouſand Devils look'd askew.

Thus Spouſe who knew what long Repentance
Was to enſue by Pluto's *Sentence,*
Could not forbear her Recreation
One poor half-day t' avoid Damnation.
Her from his Arms the Furies wrung,
And into Hell again they flung.
He ſinging thus, repaſs'd the Ferry,
Since Spouſe is damn'd, I will be merry.

You are too Judicious, to find fault with ſo Ingenious a Raillery. It is often as neceſſary to divert, as to inſtruct. *Ariſtotle* in his *Ethics* tells us, *That Sports and Mirth, are not of leſs Conſequence to the maintaining of Life, than Reſt and Sleep.* And *Montagne* judiciouſly obſerves, that *Plato* in his Republic, takes a very particular care of the Paſtimes of young Men, and beſtows more time in regulating their Races, Dancing, Singing, *&c.* than he doth to treat of the Arts and Diſcipline which they ought to learn. We ſee in *Apuleius*, that in a City of *Theſſaly*, they ſolemnly celebrated the Feſtival of the god of Laughter, and that they went Ceremoniouſly to pay their Thanks to ſuch as had given the Public any cauſe of Laughter that day. Ought

we

we not then to be more oblig'd to thoſe that are facetious, and not ridiculous. But what need have I of Authorities for all our harmleſs Mirth, tho' *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, and even *Democritus* that eternal Laugher had not been for it, yet the better part of the World will think it very proper at preſent. Succeſs juſtifies Mirth; and as a *French* Author has it, *Quand on a envie de rire il eſt permis de tout dire.* *Horace*, after the famous Victory at Sea, which ſetled *Auguſtus* in the *Roman* Empire, and was the downfal of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, as that near *Barfleur*, is a ſtep to the humbling of our great Enemy, not only allowed himſelf all that good humor, but encourag'd his Friends to it; to prove it, 'tis but reading his 37th Ode, *Nunc eſt bibendum nunc pede libero pulſanda Tellus.* And I think I have here a Tranſlation of it by Mr. *J. Mitchel*, which is very happily apply'd to the preſent Caſe.

NOW we have quell'd the Pride of France,
Now is the bleſſed Time for Drinking,
Now we may boldly Feaſt and Dance,
Free from Fears and anxious Thinking;
In chearful Hymns let's thank the Friendly Gods,
And ſtrew with Flow'rs their Reverend Abodes.

Time was when Drinking was a Crime,
When none but Fools or Knaves were merry;
The Vintner mourn'd his ſlighted Wine,
And Cellars ſtunk of old Canary:
When Church and State the Frantic Tyrant ſwore
To bury in one Grave, and drown us in our Gore.

His Troops he muſter'd from all Parts
In their own native Sickneſs rotting;
And truſting in his wonted Arts
Of Huffing, Bribing, Lying, Plotting,
Drunk with Succeſs, he Fortune deem'd his Slave,
And durſt its mighty Arbiter outbrave.

But now his noiſy Fury's cool'd,
And we have Fir'd his great Armada;
Now we the vap'ring Fops have School'd,
We've heard their laſt Rodomontado:
Great WILLIAM's *over-ruling* Genius *tam'd*
Th' inſulting Hector, and the threatning Deluge ſtem'd.

As when the fearful Hare doth quake,
And run, from's ſwift Purſuer's flying,
Or when, beneath the hov'ring Hawk,
The Dove lies grov'ling, trembling, dying;
So fled the ſhatter'd Wrecks o'th' boaſted Fleet,
So grins the fatal Monſter under NASSAW's *Feet.*

Here the Ingenious Gentleman leaves off. He tells me, that he would have finiſh'd the Tranſlation of the Ode, but that he don't know how to carry on the Application, unleſs our Mighty Foe ſhould be pleas'd to diſpatch himſelf out of the way, to make the Parallel between him and *Cleopatra* complete.

I have received from the ſame Hand an Anſwer to my Song in *April*, which begins, *Muſt Love, that Tyrant of our Breaſt, have all our Songs*, &c. to the ſame Rhymes, which being already but too many Copies of Love-Verſes behind-hand, I cannot yet ſend you, tho' I think my ſelf much honour'd by being ſo wittily contradicted.

Tho' my Song was againſt Love, I am not againſt it my ſelf; you know, Sir, that I am neither of an Age or Nature to withſtand that ſoft Paſſion, but I ſhould be glad to hear leſs of its ſad effects.

Indeed it grieves me that I am not able to publiſh as faſt as I would, the Complaints of Lovers that have been ſent me, that the Fair might be mov'd the ſooner to remedy that Epidemical Diſeaſe which overſpreads the World: For tho' I perceive that moſt of their Complaints are much to the ſame lamentable Tune, and Dying, Deſpair, Rage, Flames, Darts, Chains, Racks and Hell, their whole Ingredients; yet it ſeems to me ſomewhat barbarous, to debar the Sick and Unfortunate of the ſad Aſſwager of their Woes, complaining. But alas! did I pretend to inſert all that is ſent me of that Nature, thoſe to whom the Matter is Foreign, would hardly excuſe my good Nature, except, indeed, ſtore of new Thoughts, ſo difficult to be met with in ſo glean'd a Field, and an uncommon Beauty and Turn in the Verſes, made amends for the ſo often repeated Expoſtulations. However, Love has its Raptures, and its Heaven, as well as its Torments, and its Hell; who then can be ſo unjuſt, as to blame thoſe who ſeize its Joys betimes? Yet a young Gentleman having lately married, would you believe it! Sir, ſome People were pleas'd to think that he had paid too ſoon Love and *Hymen* their dues. This occaſion'd the following Verſes, which I can aſſure you, were written before the Perſon that wrote them had ſeen thoſe in my laſt.

Cenſur'd

C Enſur'd for being happy made too young!
'Tis by a fooliſh or an envious Tongue.
'Tis to be happy to be early join'd
To a lov'd Nymph, as charming as ſhe's kind.
Can Heaven itſelf beſtow a greater Bleſſing,
Than early mutual Love, and long poſſeſſing?
Tell thoſe who blame thee, that till Thirty they
The Noon of Life for Love's chief Meal may ſtay.
So plagu'd by pinching Hunger formal Fools
Stay for a Clock, and are enſlav'd to Rules.
Moſt, to fall to, that uſual Seaſon wait,
The Beaſts, when half Life's Journey's over, bait.
But tyr'd by the bad way, and ill at eaſe,
What they in miſery taſte but half can pleaſe.
He, who at once is freſh, ſharp ſet, and gay,
With perfect Pleaſure do's about him lay.

I have here an *Epigram* upon a Lady's Picture newly drawn, which may not improperly follow this.

A Fter each skilful Touch, and ev'ry Grace,
The genuine Form excels the painted Face.
What wond'rous Artiſt e're could draw ſo well,
As charming Nature where ſhe ſtrives t' excel!
Heav'ns Work before the Painter's we prefer,
Since it deſign'd its Maſter-piece in her.
God, whoſe Reſemblance in each Face we view,
Ne're his own Picture more exactly drew.

The following Words for a Song are not much leſs paſſionate: They are Mr. *Priors*.

W Hilſt I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire,
In vain cold Friendſhip you return:
Your drops of Pity on my Fire
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the Flame ſuppreſt
That kills the Heart it heats too faſt;
Take half my Paſſion to your Breaſt,
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

You ſee, Sir, that Lovers will be ſtill complaining; and that you may be further confirm'd in the knowledg of it, take the following Imitation of the 15th Epode of *Horace*. It is done by the Gentleman that gave you an Imitation of the Ode between *Horace* and *Lydia*, in one of my former *Journals*.

Nox erat & Cœlo fulgebat Luna ſereno.

'Twas a ſweet Night, a gentle Calm around,
And in the full Moon's fair unclouded Beams
The twinkling ſparks of ſmaller Stars were drown'd,
As little Rills in larger ſtreams:
When I, with amorous thoughts poſſeſt,
Rov'd in a Cypreſs melancholic Shade,
Lucinda's *Image fill'd my longing Breaſt,*
And for the charming Fair a thouſand Vows I made.

In came the charming Fair, her radiant Eyes
Diſpell'd the ſullen Gloom, and o're the place
A Brightneſs chearful as the ſmiling Skies
Shot from the Glories of her Face.
Swift to my Arms the Goddeſs flew,
Kind as my Wiſhes, cloſer than the Twine
Of claſping Ivy, ev'ry Grace was new,
Her Charms Triumphant all, and all her Air Divine.

A thouſand Oaths confirm'd her mighty Love,
A thouſand Kiſſes ev'ry Word ſhe ſwore,
She call'd to witneſs all thoſe Pow'rs above
Which the Religious World adore:
She ſwore her Love ſo long ſhould laſt
Till to our Flocks the prowling Wolves were kind;
Till Air grew reſtif, to each breezy Blaſt,
Or the dull Seas could ſleep beneath the Northern Wind.

Yet ſince Lucinda, *to her Oaths untrue,*
Fond of a new Gallant, forgets my Flame,
My Heart ſhall with a conſtant heat purſue
A freſher and a nobler Game:
With a juſt manly Rage I'll ſcorn
Her faithleſs Paſſions, tho' the Wanton grieve;
Nor ſhall the Beauties of the Fair forſworn,
Or all her wheadling Tears my flying Heart retrieve.

And

And thou, poor Fop, of thy new Conqueſt proud,
Proud of thy Flocks, and far extended Lands,
Tho' every Stream which through thy Acres flow'd,
Roll'd muddy all with golden Sands,
Tho' fair as Nyreus, *and thy Wit*
Graſp'd all the Notions of Philoſophy,
The ſilt will leave thee for ſome paltry Cit,
And I ſhall have my turn to ſcorn, and laugh at thee.

Ungenerous Woman, who could betray the Man of Merit that lov'd her! And more ungenerous Man, who could be falſe to her whoſe uncommon Charms ought to have made his Flame immortal as her Wit! I had reſolv'd to have remov'd to a merry Subject, but as my *Miſcellany* is not only the *Gentleman's*, but alſo the *Lady's Journal*, I am oblig'd in Honour, tho' I were not in Pity, to do one of them Juſtice; and therefore give you the following Verſes by a young Lady, whoſe Condition bears but too much Affinity with that of *Horace*, when he made the Epode of which you have now had an Imitation. She ſays to *Amintor* in that which follows, what the other ſays to *Lucinda*, and thinks, poor Lady! that her Sex hath more reaſon for ſuch Complaints, than the Men. For my part I am of opinion, that both Sexes have not much cauſe to upbraid each other. If we exceed in Infidelity, they more than puniſh us by their Cruelty. Pray do not pleaſe your ſelf to ſee our Sex ſo ſoon reveng'd.

Hor. Epode 15. *to* Neæra, *chang'd to* Amintor.

STill was the Night, ſerene the Sky,
Bright was the Moon among the leſſer Fires,
When you invok'd the injur'd Deities,
And ſwore your ſelf a Slave to my deſires.
Folding me round with pliant Arms,
With all the Freedom Love allows,
Then you, poſſeſt of all my Charms,
On theſe Conditions ſeal'd your Vows;
Whilſt Heaven and Hell a Diſcord knew,
And Phœbus *would his Circle own,*
Whilſt Turtles to their Mates were true,
That you'd be mine, and mine alone.

Per-

Perjur'd Amintor! *If there's ought in me*
Of Noble Flame, ſince you beſtow
Your ſoft Careſſes on a happier She,
I can revenge, I'd let you know.

But you, how great ſo e're's your Name,
That proudly triumph o're my Fall,
Tho' fairer than the Spartan *Dame,*
Poſſeſs'd of all we Riches call.
Th' unconſtant Swain by other Charms,
Making your Riches and your ſelf his Scorn,
Will ſoon be wreſted from your Arms:
Then in my turn I'll laugh, and 'twill be yours to mourn.

'Twere much better to be conſtant when oblig'd, and follow *Catullus*'s Advice in his 5th *Epigram*, of which the following Tranſlation by Mr. *R. T.* was ſent me by an Ingenious Gentleman, with a promiſe of favouring me with whatſoever he ſhall meet with, that may either delight or benefit the Ingenious.

LEt's live (my Dear) like Lovers too,
Nor heed what old Men ſay or do;
The falling Sun will ſurely riſe,
And dart new Glories round the Skies;
But when, alas! we fall, our Light
Muſt ſet in everlaſting Night.
Come then, let Mirth and am'rous Play,
Be all the Buſineſs of the Day;
Give me this Kiſs, and this, and this;
A hundred, thouſand, more; let's kiſs
'Till we our ſelves cannot expreſs,
Nor any lurking Spy confeſs,
The Sum of all our Happineſs.

Let the Amorous make uſe of this, Intrigues, Rapture, and Enjoyment, is what they are conſtantly for. There is a third Part of *Memoires & Avantures Singulieres de la Cour de France*, newly publiſht, which will pleaſe them. It is ſaid to be written by the Counteſs *d'Aunoy*, that famous Lady, who gave the World her Travels into *Spain*, and a Relation of the Court of *Spain*. I am told that ſhe is now writing the Hiſtory of that Court, which will doubtleſs be very acceptable.

It is

It is ſaid that Mr. *Chreech* of *Oxford* prepares a new Edition of his *Lucretius*, yet more correct than the former, and we alſo ſhortly expect his *Manilius*; and it is not doubted but that he will doe the Aſtronomer as much Juſtice as he hath done the Philoſopher. This puts me in mind of what *Virgil* ſaith of *Julius Cæſar* under the name of *Daphnis*, who after he had conquered this World, was aſſum'd into Heav'n, as our Engliſh *Daphnis* (for ſo Mrs. *Behn* calls Mr. *Creech*) after having been victorious over Nature here below in his admirable Tranſlation of *Lucretius*, was rais'd by that Victory to contemplate the World above.

Candidus inſuetum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibuſque videt nubes & ſydera Daphnis, *Virgil.* Eclog. 5.

Give me leave to add what immediately follows,

Ergo alacris ſylvas & cætera rura voluptas
Pana, Paſtoreſque tenet ———

For I do not queſtion but that this will be joyfull News in a Retirement in the Countrey, to all that, like you, love Philoſophy and Poetry.

And indeed, the ancient Poets are ſo beautifull, that it is no wonder that thoſe of our Age ſeek to make them ſpeak the moſt polite of our modern Tongues.

You that are ſo well vers'd in them will not be ſorry to know that Mr. *De Longepierre*, who formerly gave the World *Bion*, *Muſæus*, and ſome other Greek Poets in French Verſe, hath lately tranſlated into the ſame Language and in Verſe, *Anacreon* and *Sapho*, with Notes, which Madamoiſelle *Le Fevre*, now Madam *Dacier*, who is ſo univerſally known to the Learned, had given us before in Proſe.

The *Plutus* and the *Clouds* of *Ariſtophanes* which ſhe ſometime ago had tranſlated out of Greek into French, have been lately printed in *Holland* with Notes. You that have read her Tranſlation of other Authors, and particularly of the two Latin Comic Poets, *Plautus* and *Terence*, will be glad to find that ſhe hath ſucceeded as well in the Greek.

There is a Book called *Hiſtoire Medallique de Guillaume* III. printed in *Holland*, wherein all the Medals from the King's birth to this time are printed, and ſome others about the chief Events in the *Netherlands*, as alſo Ttiumphal Arches, *&c.*

There is a Book of Miſcellaneous Poems lately printed, wherein are ſeveral Poemsby very good hands; as alſo a Tranſlation in Proſe out of Mr. *Dacier*; 'tis printed for *Peter Buck* near *Temple-bar*.

A Gentleman that is very well vers'd in the Laws and Conſtitutions of this Kingdom and other Learning, hath given the World four Dialogues of Politics, which appear monthly, and I hear that four

more are deſigned for the Preſs, they are called *Bibliotheca Politica*, and indeed very properly, for they contain the ſubſtance of what the moſt eminent Politicians have given us about Monarchy, and the Author being far from the ſpirit of a Republican, and yet not of the mind of thoſe who are for boundleſs ſway, manages the Controverſie with a great deal of Impartiality and Judgment.

Regulus, with the Factions of *Carthage*, by Mr. *Crown*, was acted the laſt week; that Tragedy is intermixed with a vein of Comedy. You have ſeen his Works in both. *Terence* tells us, *Dubiam fortunam eſſe ſcenicam*; and if that great Author had occaſion to complain, thoſe of our Age may well comfort themſelves if the Town deceives their expectation.

Regulus hath juſtly been admired for his rigid Honour and Fortitude of minde. You know, Sir, that he was taken Priſoner by the *Cartaginians*, and ſent by them to *Rome*, to treat of a Peace and an Exchange of Priſoners, upon his Promiſe to return to his confinement if he could not ſucceed; and that being come to *Rome*, he unconcernedly diſſuaded the Senate from complying with the Terms which their Enemies propoſed; and not being moved by his Friends and Family, nor deterr'd by fear of *D*eath from being faithfull even to an Enemy, went back to the *Carthaginians*, and ſuffered a cruel *Death* by thoſe barbarous Enemies.

Hiſtorians differ very much upon the kind of Death that was inflicted on him, and the ſilence of others about him make ſome Critics in Hiſtory doubt of it, *Palmerius* in his *Græcæ Exercitationes*, hath a large *D*iſſertation about it. However moſt of the famous ancient Authors have ſpoke of it as of a certain thing, and *Tubero* in *Aulus Gellius* tells us, that the Children of *Regulus* had demanded retaliation on the chief of the *Carthaginian* Priſoners, who were accordingly ſhut up in Cupboards, covered with Scarlet, and kept from ſleeping till they died.

Father *Daniel*'s *Voyage au monde de Deſcartes* is now tranſlated into Engliſh, it is a Book that will doubtleſs pleaſe infinitely thoſe who are Enemies to the *Carteſian* Philoſophy, though in many things it gives that great man his due.

Philoſophers of all other men differ the moſt in their Sentiments, and in things whereof there can be no demonſtration are hard to be brought to anothers opinion; yet ſtill they write, and lately at *Paris* appeared a ſhort Eſſay about a new Syſtem of the World, which is very curious, and ſomething like that of *Deſcartes*, becauſe it ſuppoſes that the fixt Stars and the Sun are great quantities of the moſt ſubtil matter of the Univerſe got together, and that this ſame matter hath in it ſelf a very ſwift motion: but it differs from that of

Deſcartes

Deſcartes whilſt it ſuppoſes that the bodies that are made up of this rarified matter are continually flowing or making emanations on all ſides: that thoſe emanations are what we call rays, and that thoſe rays flow from the Sun as rivers from great Lakes. 'Twas not *Deſcartes*, but *Gaſſendus* the Reſtorer of the *Epicurean* Philoſophy, that aſſerted that Light comes out of the Sun as Water out of Springs. It ſeems therefore as if the Author of this new Syſtem has had a mind to take a *medium* between the hypotheſes of thoſe two great Philoſophers. The World will doubtleſs be much obliged to him, if he gives us hereafter the compleat performance of this Eſſay, wherein ſeveral curious things are to be ſeen that I cannot here relate. You may judge of it by what relates to the Spots or *Maculæ* in the Sun, and to Comets.

He ſuppoſes that each *radius*, or ſun-beam, is made up of as many or more particles of Light, than there are ſenſible particles of Water in the whole extent of a large River; from whence he concludes, that the Sun's rays, whilſt they paſs through the vaſt extent of the celeſtial Matter, looſen and remove ſome parts of the bodies that oppoſe their motion, and carry them towards the Sun, as rivers carry ſand and other matters into the Sea. Out of this Matter conveyed by the *Radii*, he forms an Atmoſphere round the Sun, and thoſe great bodies round and ſolid which we call the Spots or *Maculæ* of the Sun, he pretends that if thoſe Spots can get out of the Sun's Atmoſphere, they are carried very far from thence with a conſiderable ſwiftneſs, much beyond their *Æquilibrium*, and then are forc'd to return towards the Sun with the ſame ſwiftneſs; and this according to his conjecture is what we reckon to be Comets: But he will not have us to imagin that they are removed from the neighbourhood of the Sun, and return thither in the ſame right Line, as we ſee a *pendulum* alternatly go from its point of reſt and return towards it; he imagins that the way which they take when they are removed at a greater diſtance from the Sun, and that which they take to return nearer to it, makes a kind of a Bow; and that according to the point or poſition wherein the Earth happens to be at that time when they deſcribe that Bow, they ſeem to us to go either according, or contrary to the order of the Signs of the Zodiac.

I had promiſed to ſend you a Diſcourſe about Muſic, but find ſince that it will be better to omit it, to make room for more entertaining Matters: It is learned, but ſo particular and Algebraical, that few perſons would underſtand it.

A Lady, whoſe Letters I ſhall anſwer as ſhe deſires when ſhe is pleaſed to let me know where to direct mine to her, writes to me ſomething very pleaſant of the Effect which the laſt Poll-bill had on ſeveral

Gentlemen that live near her: All the Pariſh, ſhe ſaith, ſave two or three Ploughmen, and ſome few Hackers, were or would be all Gentlemen; one was deſcended frow *Chadwallader*; another came in with *William* the Conqueror: In ſhort, they were all ſuperlatively genteel: but when the Poll-bill came, there was not one Gentleman left in the Pariſh. They were not altogether like a covetous old Hunks, an Alderman in the late Reign, who though he hath loſt the Aldermanſhip, hath kept the title of an Eſq; when the Collectors demanded of him 5 *li.* for being an Eſqire, he told them that he was no Eſquire, and that they ſhould have aſſeſs'd him as a Gentleman, to which they anſwer'd, that they had uſed all the means imaginable, yet could never make a Gentleman of him, ſo he remain'd an Eſquire, and yet no Gentleman. Theſe Country Sparks, which uſed to fall by the Ears about their Gentility before, as the Lady tells me, and lately were as eager to diſown it, put me in mind of what I have read in *La Fontaine* concerning *Axiocus*, and *Alcibiades*, of which take the following imitation by an unknown hand.

The Two Friends.

FReeman *and* Wild, *two hot young Gallants,*
Fam'd through the Town for ſwinging Talents
At making or at acting Love,
And Beaux *too over and above,*
Like friends, had a fine buxom woman
(Like friends indeed you'll ſay) in common.
Now one of theſe two Sparks attack'd her
So furiouſly, ſo like a Hector,
He got a Girl, who to a tittle
Her mothers picture was in little.
When both Jack Freeman *and* Ned Wild
Would own the fair, the chopping Child.
Both own the Babe, (and who would not?)
Sweet as the ſin by which 'twas got.
Ned, *that he's ſure he got her, cries,*
She has his dimples and his eyes.
That ſhe was his Jack Freeman *ſwore,*
That ſhe reſembled him all o'er,
The Dev'l was not more like a Moor.
But when at length the Girl began
To grow capacious of a Man;
Changing their minds each Spark choſe rather
To be the Sinner than the Father.

Cryes

Cryes Wild *to* Freeman, Jack, *this Laſs*
Is thy own fleſh and blood, ſhe has
The very Leer of lewd Jack Freeman.
Adzowns, that Sham won't paſs on me, man
(Cryes Freeman *to his brother* Wild)
Mine is the Laſs, and thine the Child.
Cryes Wild to Freeman, *Thou'lt be damn'd.*
Ay, ay, Ned, *but I wont be ſhamm'd.*

It is time to tell you what the two *Ænigma*'s for *May* were.

A Gentleman who ſubſcribes *N. C.* ſent me the following Letter about them.

Sir, You do not mean a *Snail* in its houſe, by your laſt *Ænigma*; nor *Salopia*, by hers, *Mercury* or *Quickſilver*.

But if that Snails
Can cure our Ails,
And Mercury *loves miſhaps;*
We'll drink, yet ne'er
Conſumptions fear,
And kiſs, yet dread no after-claps.

I received two Explications of that on the *Snail* in Verſe, one by Mr. *John Legaſtick*, the other *R. C.* and one on *Mercury* by Mr. *P. M.* But this was the firſt, and comprehends them both.

One of the beautifull Sex, who ſubſcribes, *Anne Hatton*, writes to me, that the firſt Riddle means the ſloweſt of Animals, a *Snail*; and the ſecond the quickeſt of Metals, *Quickſilver*. A Gentleman of *Lincoln* Colledge, *Sphynx*, *W^m. D. Mary Thompſon*, *Imlin Oſiris*, *R. B. Manuel Sorrel*, alſo found the right Word.

The following *Ænigma* was ſent me ſubſcribed *Oſiris*.

I received from the ſame hand a Pindarick Ode, which I would gladly have inſerted, had I not already many Panegyrical Verſes; the Verſes which he promiſes me, will be very welcome; he hath not ſent me the Word of his *Ænigma*; but I truſt to his Honour, of which his Wit gives me too great an Aſſurance to ſuſpect it in a Trifle; and in truth I believe that ſhould ſome accident hinder him from ſending me the right Word; You, or ſome of my ingenious Readers, will find it out for me; in caſe I have not found it out already.

ÆNIGMA.

THE brighteſt beauty I, yet moſt obſcur'd:
Honour'd and courted moſt, yet leaſt endur'd.
Freeſt of things, and yet the faſteſt bound:
Met every where by all, yet ſeldom found.
The Wiſe to me make their unwearied Court:
But I with Fools and Children freely ſport.
No ſtoick life was ſober e'er like mine:
And yet I mingle with full bowles of Wine.
Elder than Time, and yet a Virgin young,
Who fire the Heart, and charm the Ear and Tongue.
My Name by all is every where ador'd
In outward ſhow, but in effect abhorr'd.
The greateſt Purity, and chaſteſt Maid,
Of vulgar hands and eyes and tongues affraid.
Though moſt unmov'd, yet ranging every where;
Am always one, and yet in all appear.
A thouſand Sons of mine my Chambers fill,
Yet I a pure unſpotted Virgin ſtill.
None can my perſon nor my ſtation tell,
Though I in every place and being dwell.

When I gave you an account of my Lord *Dorſet*'s being made Knight of the Garter, I ventured upon a ſhort Latin and Engliſh Epigram, to congratulate the Muſes upon it; and told you, that I did not doubt but that ſome abler hand would give us ſomething upon this additional mark of Honour ſo deſervedly conferr'd on his Lordſhip. What follows was ſent me by Mr. *H. Denne* of *Cambridge*.

To the Right Honourable
The Earl of *Dorſet* and *Midleſex*, &c.
On his Advancement to
The Dignity of the *GARTER*.

My Lord,

HAD you been known when thoſe of ancient years
On Heroes only did beſtow the ſtars,
When Altars to uncommon Vertue ſmoak'd,
And Mortals, thoſe they then admir'd, invok'd,

You'd

You'd had your ſhare of Incenſe, ſtarry ſeat,
A Grove and Victim had declar'd you Great.
Hero and Poet! 'Tis exceſs of Soul,
Not known by th' Ancients, nor in Plutarch's *roll.*
Humanity can't bear the mighty load,
Each would ſuffice to make a Roman *God.*
Thus you a Catalogue of Worthies ſhow,
Th' Æneas, Maro, *and* Mecænas *too.*
You ſcorn the Pitch which we ſo high eſteem,
And not one Vertue, but a Syſtem ſeem.
Take then, Great Dorſet, as you worthy prove,
The noble Emblem of our Cæſar's *love.*
Preſs on, Great Sir, and nobly climb the Sphere,
You yet at your Meridan don't appear:
Still ſoar, and nearer ſtill to Heaven retire,
Be high, that we may leiſurely admire:
So that great Light to which we owe the day,
With diſtance qualifies th' exorbitant ray:
The Hero's Soul we beſt of all define
When from afar the laviſh Vertues ſhine.
Let's now no more the partial Planets damn,
That each low Mortal does the Muſe contemn.
None dare, when Peers aſſume the Name, deride,
We boaſt our Lawrel to the Crown's ally'd.
Thus conſcious Fate to have reſerv'd would ſeem
The nobleſt Poet for the nobleſt Theme.
He's choſe by ſuffrage of the Powers Divine
To ſing the down-fall of the conquer'd Sein;
'Tis Dorſet's *task, and only his, to draw*
Lewis, *like* Bajazet, *lead by the Great* Naſſaw,
Naſſaw, *who nodding* Europe *dar'd to raiſe,*
And bravely took rejected Atlas *place.*
Hail ye! who all that Fate can give obtain,
Sent by the Gods to ſhow the worth of Man.
When Jove *one worthy of himſelf would make,*
His uſual method he does ſtraight forſake;
With eaſe he ſhakes out Pallas *at a nod,*
But when Alcides *comes, the ponderous load*
Imploys the vigour of the labouring God.
Scarce three exactly finiſht nights deſcry
The ſpringing Hero, Nature ſtops to ſee
Th' elaborate iſſue of Divinity.

But

But when two mighty Hero's both Divine,
To grace Mortality the Gods design,
T'oblige the World, two Ages must combine.
The fam'd Ingredients must from far be brought,
And like Creation, leisurely be wrought.
Such pains it needs must cost the Gods and Fate
A William *and a* Dorset *to create.*
Let future Chronicles then silent ly,
Nature now in her Zenith seems to be,
T'enrich our Age, beggars Posterity.

What follows is part of a Letter that was sent me with some Verses.

THere is a Book published by Mr. Tonson, *called* Letters and Poems amorous and gallant, *which seems to have been writ by a man of wit. The Preface does not seem to be the most undeserving part of the Book; and one would wonder how any man could vary so much from himself, and write with such differing colours of speech, and such a different character of mind, as that Gentleman does in his Letters and in his Preface. You may see in the Letters a youthfulness of fancy and a gaety of wit through out them. In the Preface there are reflections which at the same time that they are pleasant are extremely solid and sensible, denoting long experience, an elaborate hand, and an accomplish'd learning. The Author tells us there, that some men of Learning have discountenanced the printing of familiar Letters, which puts me in mind of something which I believe you may be glad to hear. The chief of those men of learning is the Author of the Life of one of our famous Poets, who perhaps has discourag'd others from printing familiar Letters, by a* Simile *which seems to have been borrow'd from one of the most accomplish'd Writers of Letters that ever the World produc'd. 'Tis Monsieur* Costar, *in the Treatise that he writ to defend his friend* Voiture, *where wishing that* Voiture *had published his Letters before his death, he adds these words;* Il eut achevé ce qu'il n'avoit qu'ebauché, Il eut repoli certains endroits qui demandoient encore quelques coups de lime, en fin il n'eust pas voulu paroitre devant tout le monde comme il se laisse voir dans quelques unes de ses Letters, en desordre, en deshabillier, en Robe de Chambre. Il eut pris se habits de ville ou mesme de ceremonie & de feste.

That is, " *He would then have given the laſt touch to what he has left* " *unfiniſh'd. He would with the File have come over ſome places which re-* " *quir'd more poliſhing. He would not have appear'd publickly as he has been* " *ſeen in his Letters, as it were, in his Night-Gown, or in an Undreſs. His* " *Dreſs would have been becoming at leaſt, and proper, if it had not been mag-* " *nificent. So that here you ſee the Author of that Poet's Life, made uſe of the ſame thing, to decry the printing of Familiar Letters, by which Mr.* Coſtar *excuſes the Negligences of his Friend. But let us rather conclude with the latter, that tho' Familiar Letters ought to be negligently writ at firſt, yet by being retouch'd, they may have ſomething more finiſh'd e're they come to be expos'd to the Publick. To return to the Book: The Poems have all of them either Wit in them, or that which will very well make amends for it; and that is, good Senſe, which is tender and paſſionate. But they do by no means ſeem to be all equally labour'd; and I muſt obſerve particularly, that the Epigram of* Gripe *and* Shifter, *has ſomething more exact in the Turn, and more poliſh'd in the Expreſſion, than any Epigram that I have ſeen in* Engliſh.

We have had ſo many Relations printed of our Victory at Sea, that I will not offer to repeat any thing on that Subject; principally, ſince our Admiral himſelf, who engag'd that of the Enemy, with all the Bravery imaginable, and ſilenc'd him, after a hot Combat, hath been pleas'd to give the Particulars of the Battel in his Letter to the Earl of *Nottingham*. The Conſternation that the *French* are in, ſince they find that their Loſs is ſo conſiderable, and the Falſity of the Account that was given of it at firſt, is very great. They are forc'd to quiet the Spirits of the People, in giving them fabulous Accounts of their Strength; and even the *Paris Gazette* of the 4th of *June* of their Style, and 14th of ours, tells them, That they had an Account, that our Admiral's Ship, and the *Royal Sovereign*, had been ſo batter'd, that they were ſunk, with all their Men. That they have 49 Capital Ships actually in the Road of *Breſt*, with the Count *d'Eſtrees*, which being join'd to thoſe in St. *Malo*'s, which are 26, and thoſe which are getting ready with all ſpeed, will make a Navy more than ſufficient to oppoſe our Attempts. I leave you to judge how falſe all this is, and how weak they muſt find themſelves, ſince they have recourſe to ſuch notorious Falſities, to quiet the minds of the People. As for their Ships in St. *Malo*'s, they, perhaps, have no great reaſon to reckon upon them, tho they were not as maim'd as they are; for our Fleet, under the Command of Admiral *RUSSELL*, may, perhaps, ſerve them like the others at *la Hogue*; it being lately ſail'd that way. And as for thoſe in *Breſt*, 'tis well

known that there could not be half that Number of Capital Ships there at that time. Monſieur *Renaudot*, who writes the *French Gazette*, is generally own'd to be a moſt Ingenious Man, but he muſt either have the Shame to contradict what he has ſaid in that and the former *Gazets*, or elſe it will be a greater Shame to his Nation, if that imaginary Fleet does not make good his Rhotomontado.

The *Iriſh* and other Troops near *la Hogue*, are leſſen'd extremely; their Officers who were ſo ſure of Succeſs that they had ſetled all things, as if they would not return to *Paris*, muſt, in all likelihood, Rot in *Normandy*; or ſtay there, till our Men give them a Viſit, which probably may be ſpeedily; they, inſtead of diſquieting us, are only dreadful to their Landlords, as thoſe Soldiers, who as *Tacitus* tells us, were *Hoſpitibus tantum metuendi*.

At laſt *Great Waradin* has ſurrendred to the *Imperialiſts*, which ſhews the weakneſs of the *Turks*, who could not relieve a place of that vaſt Importance in ſo long a Time, and in ſuch a Seaſon as this.

The Raiſing the Siege of *Namur* is a thing much more difficult than that had been; the main Strength of *France*, the Flower of its Gentry, and beſt Forces, are advantageouſly poſted; and tho our Men are doubtleſs ſuperior in Courage, and our Army alſo very numerous; yet when an Enemy is alſo very powerful, and is reſolv'd to act only defenſively, and to ſculk behind Woods, Rivers, Defiles, and Trenches, a great deal of Caution is neceſſary. There is no doubt but that what ever Conduct and Bravery can do, will be perform'd by His MAJESTY, who preſſes them no leſs, than the others do the Caſtle of *Namur*. And when they have ruin'd good part of their Foot there, and their Horſe with Monſieur *Luxemburgh* for want of Forage, we ſhall, in all probability, have a very good account of them.

I am ſorry that I have not room to give you ſome Verſes that were ſent me from *Cambridge* by Mr. *B. Hawkshaw*, on the Earl of *Danby*'s Couragious Enterprize at *la Hogue*, where he ſet ſome of the *French* Ships on Fire. I will, however, give you the four laſt Lines of them. They are addreſs'd to his Lordſhip.

Now we deſpiſe the worſt Aſſaults of Fate:
You guard the Sea, Caermarthen *guards the State.*
WILLIAM *rides Conqu'ror o're the vanquiſh'd Ball,*
And MARY's *pow'rful Charms ſubdue us all.*

I can add nothing after this, but that I am, *SIR*,

June 17. 1692. *Your moſt humble Servant*, P. M.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, the words by Colonel *Heveningham*.

IF Mu-ſick be the food of Love, Sing on, ſing on, ſing
on, ſing on till I am fill'd, am fill'd with joy: For
then my lift--ning Soul you move, for then my lift-ning

Soul you move to plea — fures that can ne —— ver cloy. Your
Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue declare that you are Mu——
——fick e — vry where. Your Eyes, your Meen your Tongue de-

—clare that you are Mu———————ſick e—vry where.

Second Stanza.

Pleaſures in--vade both Eye and Ear ſo fierce, ſo fierce, ſo

fierce, ſo fierce the tranſ—— ports are, they wound, and

all my ſen--ſes feaſted are, and all my ſen—ſes feaſt—ed

are, tho' yet the Treat is on——ly Sound. Sure I muſt pe--riſh

by your Charms unleſs you ſave me in you Arms. Sure

A Song for two Voices, ſet by Mr. *Samuel. Akeroyde*, the Words by the Author of this *Journal.*

AH friends how hap--py are we here bleſt with good drink

AH friends how hap--py are we here bleſt with good

bleſt with good Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with

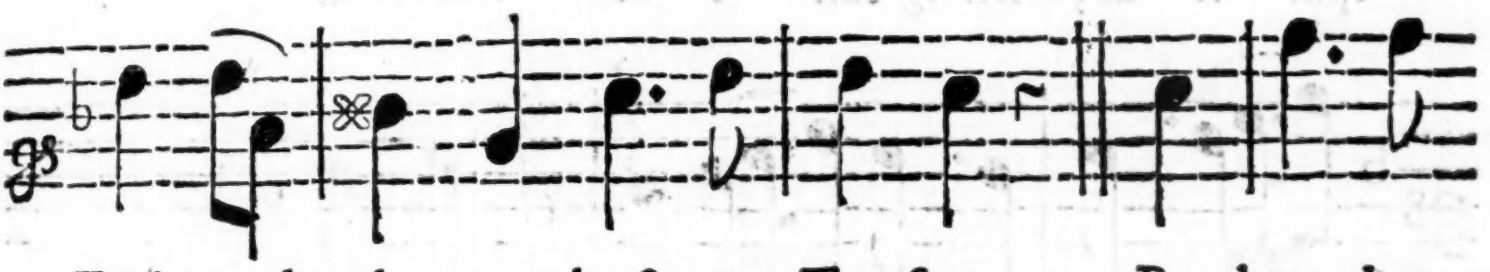
Drink. bleſt with good Drink, and with good Cheer; we're

joys a bove all meaſure, in War we fear to

crown'd with joys a—bove all meaſure in War we fear to

looſe our life, in Love, in Love ther's jea-louſy and ſtrief, by

looſe our life, in Love, in Love thers jea--lou--ſy and ſtrief, by



Trade and play we looſe our Treaſure. But here, but

Trade and play we looſe our Treaſure. But here, but

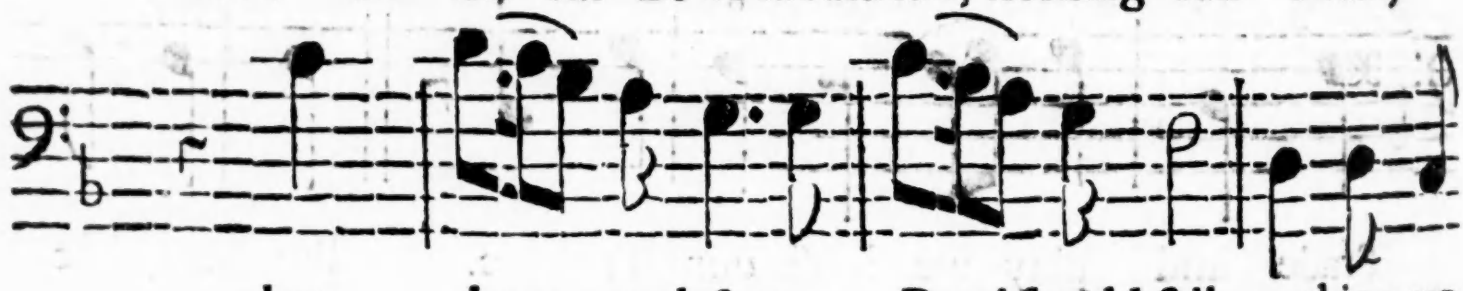
here, un — leſs our Bowl ſhould fall, and ſome miſ-chance ſhould

here, un – leſs our Bowl ſhould fall, and ſome miſ-chance ſhould

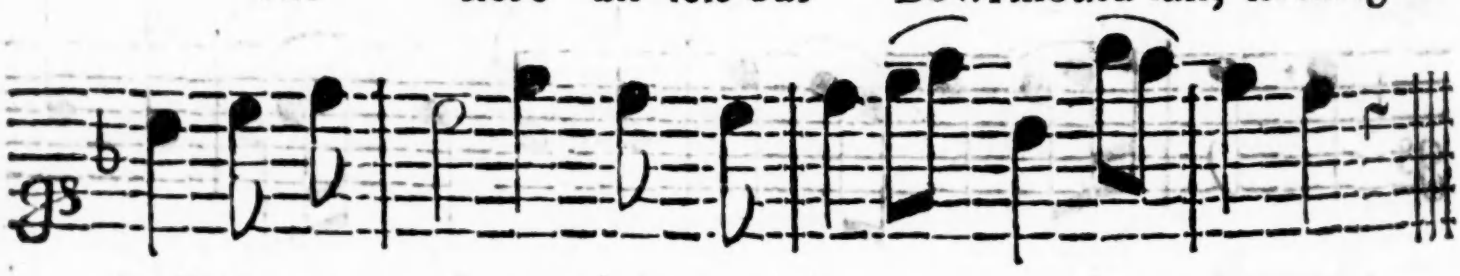
ſpill it all, nothing can e——ver baulk our pleaſure, but

ſpill it all, nothing can e--ver baulk our plea--ſure,

here un—leſs our Bowl ſhould fall, nothing can baulk,



but here un--leſs our Bowl ſhould fall, nothing can



nothing can baulk, nothing can baulk, can baulk our pleaſure.

baulk, nothing can baulk, can baulk, can baulk our pleaſure.

A Song ſet by Mr. *J. Franck*, the Words by *S. B.*

WHo dear *Fi——de——lia?* who can view, a
form ſo bright and fair as you, but muſt be left in
the ſur prize and fall, and fall and
fall, a Vic—tim to your Eyes; thoſe
Eyes that with re——ſiſt———leſs Arts have gain'd the
con—queſt, have gain'd the con—queſt, the

What kind, what pitying Deity,
Shall I implore to ſet me free?
In vain alaſs I wiſh, in vain,
A freedom from my double Chain;
For oh! what God but muſt ſubmit,
To Beauty link'd to charms of Wit.

The Baſs to the foregoing Song.